

BANNED for BLACKNESS

The contribution that the Collective intended including on this page was a tribute to Biko entitled "Biko — the Man". It was penned by Peter Cyril Jones, AZAPO's Cape Vice-President and the last man to see Biko alive.

Peter 'PC' Jones is presently being held under Section 28 of the Internal Security Act and cannot be quoted. In terms of the Prisons Act, no photograph of 'PC' can be published.

Two other close associates of Steve and recently released Robben Island graduates, viz Sathasivan 'Saths' Cooper (AZAPO's Deputy President) and Justice Edmund Lindane Myeza (AZAPO's Publicity Secretary) are also held under Section 28, along with the respective Chairpersons of the Lenasia and Sebo-keng Branches viz Haroun Patel and Oupa Hlomuka. What has changed since the murder of Steve Biko?

Kamal Nasser's Last Poem

Translated by Abdul Wahab Elmesseri

Beloved, if perchance word of my death reaches you
As, alone, you fondle my only child,
Eagerly awaiting my return,
Shed no tears in sorrow for me
For in my homeland
Life is degradation and wounds
And in my eyes the call of danger rings.
Beloved, if word of my death reaches you
And the mourners cry out:
The loyal one has departed, his visage gone forever,
And fragrance has died within the bosom of the flower
Shed no tears . . . smile on life
And tell my only one, my loved one,
The dark recesses of your father's being
Have been touched by visions of his people.
Splintered thoughts bestowed his path
As he witnessed the wounds of oppression.
In revolt, he set himself a goal
He became a martyr, sublimated his being,
even changed his prayers
Deepened their features and improvised
And in the long struggle, his blood flowed
His lofty vision unfolded shaking even destiny
If news reaches you, and friends come to you,
Their eyes filled with cautious concern,

Smile at them in kindness for
my death will bring life to all;
My people's dreams are my shrine
at which I pray, for which I live.
The ecstasy of creation warms my being, shouting of joy,
Filling me with love, as day follows day,
Enveloping my struggling soul and body.
Immortalized am I in the hearts of friends
I live only in others' thoughts and memories.
Beloved, if word reaches you and you fear for me
Should you shudder and your cheeks grow pale
As pale as the face of the moon,
Allow it not to look upon you, nor
feast on the beauty of your gaze
For I am jealous of the light of the moon.
Tell my only one, for I love him,
That I have tasted the joy of giving
and my heart relishes the wounds of sacrifice.
There is nothing left for him
Save the sighs from my song . . . Save the remnants of my lute
Lying piled and scattered in our house.
Tell my only one, if he ever visits
my grave and yearns for the memory,
Tell him that one day I shall return
— to pick the fruits.